

WOMEN OF FASHION

A Perceptible Advance in the Price of Furs.

SOME OF THE GOWNS WORN.

Royalty at the Theatre—Costumes for Children—A Set of Bridesmaids' Dresses—Latest Thing in Tweeds.

New York, Jan. 8, 1891.—(Special correspondence of THE HERALD.)—Furs have gone up perceptibly in price during the past week. There has been a special run on sealskin, beaver and astrakhan, although the latter is beginning to wane in popularity because of several good and cheap imitations that have been put upon the market. Prices have gone up so rapidly that those who have not already bought furs, and who do not receive a Christmas supply, would do well to wait until very late in the season, hoping that April and May milnness may cause a drop in prices. Tipsters are more worn than bows. The latter are somewhat old style now in the fur line though still flourishing in feathers, and flowers are strung on wire to make bows for opera wear.

The hats worn by women of fashion were never more becoming or more striking in style. While there is not an ugly line about them they are yet so different from the conventional shapes of past seasons that they startle one by their oddity.

A great felt circle, as large around as a small tub, will be taken by the milliner, wired until the edges lie in fluted waves and then turned up at the back and sides and caught with a bunch of feathers and a bow of ribbon.

Or, a big tall-crowned William Penn style of hat that will have its sides raised by bunches of silk-penns. Only this and nothing more.

Low-crowned brimmed felts are raised at the sides and back and decorated over the crown with great side folds of velvet to match the costume. The feathers, lining, bow at the back and velvet making the general tone of the dress while the felt hat itself is grey in the majority of cases.



A VANDYCK GOWN.

The elegantes who are always after extremes of fashion are trying to revive the carrying of small fancy muffs for evening wear with demi-toilets. They are not all convenient as they induce perspiration if one's hands are gloved and hide the elegance of jeweled fingers if no gloves are worn, and they also work in direct opposition to the fan, entirely putting aside the last named popular little article of dress, for no one could be so absurd as to carry a muff with a demi-toilette and also a fan.

The muffs are fastened to the neck by a long slender gold chain as elegant as possible in design. One of the muffs recently worn was made of pink broadcloth, trimmed with silver jessamine. It was lined with pink and blue shot silk, and finished with lace and bouquets of roses and violets. Another was worked with steel lace and lined with chinchilla; on the outside a diamond crab held in its mouth a bunch of tulips.

Some of the theatre toilets worn by royalty at the last representation of "Sigurd," are worthy of note as they come wafted to us from Paris, over the sea. The crown princess of Denmark wore a dress of pink crepe de chine and tulle, untrimmed and spanned with silver, made in wattle style, draped lengthwise, with long waist. The neck was cut low, and bordered with gold guai, covered with diamonds. The sleeves were long puffed ones of transparent crepe, close-fitting at the wrist, the two upper puffs open on the inside, and showing the arm. This really exquisite style of sleeve looks well with any of the long bodices. As an opera cloak, the princess wore a long robe made of ruby velours du nord, lined with sky blue satin, and long sleeves a la Juive, which almost touched the ground, were lined with royal ermine.

Mme. Carnot wore a magnificent gown of violet broche damask, with a high collar, the bodice was cut in a low square and bordered with pink feathers. The sleeves had three rows of puffs slashed over pink gauze tulle and held by black velvet straps set with diamonds. Her hair, which was worn as plain as possible, was dressed with pink feathers and a diamond aigrette. A broad band of violet velvet was worn over a dog collar and had diamonds shown up to the throat.

The Vicomtesse de Sze wore a dress of light, white Oriental stuff, lustrous, and encircled with silks and metal threads of all soft hues. It was made low and draped on the Egyptian style which Sarah Bernhardt introduced in Cleopatra. A small white wreath, which was also white feathers worn in the hair and a quantity of exquisite diamond pins.

A grey cheviot coat with two capes is most admired as a recent importation. It is decidedly a winter garment, being lined throughout with fur, after the style of the old-time fur circulars. A strip of fur also runs up each side of the front border and opening. The capes are like the old Carlo cape, and are set upon a collarette, or yoke, of grey Persian lamb. An enormous medallion completes this very comfortable, stylish and pretty garment.

Those about to take winter trips to Bermuda, or other damp, warm climates, should guard against the effects of the tropics by making upon the wardrobe. Kid gloves become mouldy and musty before one is aware that they have been exposed. It is said to be rather improved than otherwise by contact with the wash-tub. Some varieties are long-haired and white, curled or uncurled, and others are of a fawn tone. These are much the better for combing and scrubbing. Given a coat of this fur and cap to match a youngster can be sent out to defy the delving influences of mud and

snooty slush. There is also a fine, silky wool plush that washes perfectly. A strictly chic little fancy is for anointing one's gown with a perfume that shall exactly accord with the color and kind of material. Cherry blossom should accompany a white dress, orchids a mauve gown, moss-rose a pink one, extract of hay a brown one, and jockey club a racing dress. Primrose bouquet may be worn with old-rose, crab apple blossom with rose pink, lily-of-the-valley with pale green, Persian rose water with Oriental gowns and violet de palme with lavender or heliotrope. The celebrated new Cleopatra draperies take Persian and Egyptian rose water by the quart bottle. The lightly flowing robes are sprinkled freely with perfume and hung up to acquire long limpid folds.



UNCONVENTIONAL AND PRETTY.

The most fashionable kinds of tweed now are not checked, but are beautifully fleeced and knotted with unexpected bits of bright color. The g-and-w work of these cloths must be neutral, a dull brown, plain grey, subdued red or invisible green. All over the surface where one least expects it, come these bright knots which are, at the same time, so skillfully interwoven that no violent contrasts or lack of harmony ever occurs.

Everyone in London wears these tweeds in the morning. The woman who appears upon the street in any other kind of gown is at once noticeable by her great dissimilarity of dress.

Plain homespun cloaks are made for fashion street wear. These cloaks are lined with bright satin. Inside are ample pockets and the collar is high and may be turned either up or down. A cape falls to the waist.

A beautiful double-breasted jacket, trimmed with big buttons, came out one day last week. The material was brown, black and blue check upon a cream-colored ground. These checked jackets are extremely fashionable for morning wear, when one does not wish to wear one's heavy fur wraps. The latter are reserved for more elegant occasions, such as calling, the theatre and the like.

A gown that is pronounced perfectly sweet is in pale blue Vandyck yellow. It has a trellis work of pale canary yellow velvet on the bodice and border of the skirt. The ribbons cross each other at intervals of three inches. Fancy rouchings of tulle and alençon lace are at top and bottom of the trellis work. A chemise and sleeves are of chiffon.

The Duchess of Eife has a new cloak for theatre wear and for driving. The material is India cashmere. One side is olive and the other side is red. It is gathered at the shoulders, skirted at the waist and has a big standing collar. A tippet of Sitka fox goes around the neck and falls a short distance over the shoulders. So beautifully is this cloak made that it is actually capable of being reversed to accord with whatever gown its owner may be wearing.

The Princess Dalgorony has also a long cloak, heliotrope in tint, trimmed with chinchilla. The reversible side of this is a bright startling orange.



CLOAK IN GREY CHEVIOT.

It is much more difficult to devise costumes for the little ones in winter than summer. At the latter season, any plain fabric, simply made does nicely for almost any occasion. But in winter the garment must be heavier and, consequently, more varied in style, for very simple designs will only look light.

A party frock for a girl of fourteen was of printed Baroda silk, yellow and white in tint. The skirt was simple with a narrow frill at the hem. The bodice was very slightly "shaped" with a turned-down frill headed by narrow ribbon which drew the neck together. Elbow sleeves were also slightly frilled and drawn up by ribbons in the same manner.

Another little gown was in the soft, pliable, sheeny Venetian satin of a beautiful old-rose color. Three frills bordered the skirt. The bodice was full and round with a full collar at the neck. The sleeves were one big puff of chiffon and a great white chiffon puff covered the seam where the waist and skirt joined.

A set of bridesmaids' dresses for children were of white cloth, plain with full bodices. Nine rows of white silk stitching went around the skirt hem, wrists and collar. The neck of the bodices fell open to reveal delicate cream satin chemises. Long capes were buttoned to the shoulders and full to the waist behind. The collars of these were rolled and the capes lined with cream satin. Immense white Gainsboroughs trimmed with feathers completed the toilettes.

Boys' evening suits are decidedly picturesque with their silk stockings and buckles on the shoes and knees. The jacket flaps open and is trimmed with revers. The shirt is silk and exactly matches in tone a silk sash that is worn with it.

An out-door coat for a girl is of gray tweed, cut exactly like a man's coat, and trimmed with astrakhan. It is double-breasted with a close-fitting cap and a muff that fastens on one shoulder. A velvet belt goes around the waist.

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BATHS FOR BABIES.

The Latest Fad is to Let Them Bask in the Sun.

IT IS CURIOUS BUT IT GOES.

Scene in a Progressive Nursery—Health as She is Pursued According to the Latest Whim.

New York, Jan. 8, 1891.—(Special correspondence of THE HERALD.)—The modern woman puts on a frock with a long stiff waist and huge irregular sleeve puffs reaching down to her elbows and up to her ears, and a straight narrow skirt that strains across her hips and clings about her ankles and flies in a quaint fan-like flare on the floor. Then she assumes a high shouldered cape that is all collar and fringe of forty tails, and a morsel of a bonnet tilted crazily forward and with two little velvet horns like those attributed to Bacchus sticking out in front over her hair. So attired, she picks up a carriage muff big enough to look for all the world like a huge kitten, pins a long-stemmed rose on top of it, and before she goes out, to hold the bad balance even, strips all clothing of every description off her wet boys and girls. She says she does it to give them freedom of limb! She's a deliciously humorous individual.

How this new health notion originated there's no telling. Some women take to it, as they do to Buddhism and did to the mind cure, from intense conviction. Others adopt it because their thoughts hang suspended like—

The swim's down feather. That stands upon the swell at fall of tide. And neither war machine.

They want a hooby and they are as like as not to pitch on typhus fever because it chances to be fashionable in London. You could really imagine some yearling, like Rudyard Kipling's soldiers, to "die decently" in their beds of zymotic disease," if so to do appeared at the moment to be the proper thing.



SHAKE HANDS.

This toddling and trotting of well-born babies in pink and white nakedness has a strong claim for moral and social credit. The little victims are not allowed to get outside their own apartments, and perhaps, when one considers how many whisms weather it is raining too much to imagine that this special flower of fancy will not blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the nursery air. And yet it may live to reach the pavement, and give its owner an enviable roundness and shapeliness of limb. Its efficacy in this respect depends particularly on the absorption of shoes and stockings. There is a story of sun baths connected with it, and which, indeed, may be regarded as its foundation stone.

That infants are being brought up in *parts nuditas* is being made known to the public through the medium of "breakfasts" and "lunches." A whim that cannot in some way be aired does not fulfill the first condition of a whim, and so it shows that the fad is beginning to go flustering about in certain circles which bear, or bore in one instance, in the corner where one would naturally expect, "To be seen, to be seen, to be seen."

The breakfast to which allusion is made was probably the most elaborate that has been given. The ten ladies who were bidden sat about a table which differed in few particulars from the dainty courses which modern women pride themselves on serving. save that the low crystal bowl which held ferns held also scores and fifties of the strange "baby" orchids. At each plate lay a small faintly fragrant "table sachet" done up in satiny paper, and which, indeed, and in the neck of it was thrust a cluster of the weird orchids holding out in view their tiny white infants. Just as the fruit was served the door opened, and there appeared on the threshold twin ladies probably under three, who wore short black velvet skirts and bits of round velvet jackets with great puffs, tiny white lawn waives, and a bridge the gap between. The orchids and ferns held by each guest in turn to the table and broken phrases—not without evidences of previous discipline—of baby greeting. When the last lady, who was bidden, was finished, *Monseigneur les Bebes* disappeared, and curiosity rose in crescendo as one on the brink of a great curiosity, the little procession to follow her to the nursery.

The big sunny room papered in pink and white with scenes from "Alice in Wonderland" had for occupants a crackling fire and two puff-puff cushions lying in front of the great bay window. To those there entered after a minute's pause, driving which one observed the stage setting of and furniture—ribbed baby chairs and low round pink enameled tables and white fur rugs and water color sketches of two fairies framed in pink and gold—two white-capped and aproned nurses who advanced with even pace and laid upon the cushions in the full flood of sunshine—*Monseigneur les Bebes*.



THE BABY VICTIM.

Pink against the pink background kicked and wriggled two little human balls, unaided except for tissue paper caps that covered the floppy heads and shielded the eyes. There was a gasp and a gurgle from every mother's daughter as four fat fists and four heads wildly waved.

"Nannette and Maria," said the hostess, "you may go on."

Nannette and Maria knelt by the pink cushions and rubbed them and rolled them with laughter and massage.

"Nannette and Maria, are they warm?"

"Yes, Madame."

Archie and Reggie, up with you!"

The twins struggled to their feet and

stood, tubby, toddling youths, obedient, blinking.

"Nannette and Maria, start the ball!"

The two nurses produced a small black rubber football and threw it to the two urchins, who understood the programme, for presently they sent it bobbling against the ceiling. They kicked it and tossed it and tumbled over it, all the time preserving the most comical gravity of demeanor. Since Nannette and Maria had taken hands off them they had not smiled.

"Nannette and Maria the measures; Archie and Reggie, how well can you stand?"

The nurses brought out two oak and silver sticks and the twins solemnly walked up to them, touching to the improvised percussion block, they went in slinging positions. Algebron, the pug, took a paw in the romp and the guests blessed him. He gave a chance to laugh hysterically.

"Maria and Nannette, the measures!"

The twins threw them at board with holes in it, taking the pose of chubby cupids. The nurses fetched and carried the ammunition.

"Archie and Reggie, breathe!"

The twins stood where the sun was strongest and drew air into their lungs. They held their stomachs determinedly hollowed, but swelled out in slitting positions. Algebron, the pug, took a paw in the romp and the guests blessed him. He gave a chance to laugh hysterically.

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